

Thursday. 11. West Street Aug 6th.

Dear Deborah, I commence a letter in case any thing
did happen worth letting you know of. Last night St. Clair called
much used up. Says Knapp is in articulo mortis metaphorically -
I told him Knapp was never any other whither which I mourned
over. This morning discovered a bedstead for Lizzie. Dear as
gold dust - but perfect of its kind & just the thing. 1st price
\$14 - but "seeing its me" it fell to 11 - just the price of
the little bureau we were tempted with the other day. It is long
enough for a grown person - head & foot board alike - Milled
beam - castors - fits in behind the dressing room door - made
of maple - massive for so small a thing - looks as much like a
sofa as a bedstead, if there were a cushion & flower to it.
We are hit by a "distracted bed-bug" this time - not a head
cabinet maker. I went by appointment this morning to call
Mary to call on Mrs Bowditch. She was awake all last night
her Roman laid with the toothache & was not able to see any
one. So we gazed at the rooms & they are well worth it.
The front drawing room was Dr Bowditch's library & remains as
he left it. Two sides of it are filled with books from the floor to the
ceiling. on a French secretary like ours stands a bust of La
Place, the gift of Madame La. Place to Dr B. Charles Harp was
there, & one or two water coloured sketches of cottages, I suppose
executed by her stood on the chimney. The whole aspect of the room
was of a simple magnificence. Every thing was large. The room
itself high. The best colossal - the books mostly quoted.
I went with Mary & Ann. Deborah to parlor room. He
goes to N York this afternoon to return in a few days.
Miss Louisa Portman is left beautiful but more like
than when in its unimpaired state. Dr Follen

After I finish my letter to Aunt Mary Mary Jane Parker arrived. She tells me that
the drawing room yesterday and that Dr Follen was
MS A. 9. 2. 3. 68

called yesterday - but that (on second thought) you know.
Warren dined with us today, & took Ann & Justin & showed
to the store to read. I think he seems comfortable & hope it
may last. We met Brownson, who bowed in his usual way; we bowed
as measured shaking malediction from every "serpents head,"
or better still as if (as is the case) fresh from the denouement of
a great plotful of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge of Good & Evil.
I wait for another turn of the globe, & will let you if it
leaves any thing in the wake of its onward course.

Friday noon. I have just rec'd a letter from Garrison in answer
to the one I sent him. It is a literal answer - tho' containing
three times it has nothing I don't know for, either as to fact or
comments. I also got your rather anxious letter. Nothing there,
in town. What - oh what shall I do! What what will
this shut! Dr Johnson says that to make a letter without
news - without sentimentality - without a secret, without a
subject, is the very crowning glory & chief excellency of epistol-
ic effort. Dis will be dat ting. Henry had a letter from
N. P. Bowditch enclosing 5.00 for the Mass; the letter was 4 pages - no. 13
about the excellency of true peace principles, & expression of his wish that
his 5 might be appropriated to the insculcation of them. Mrs Owen
has a daughter - so has Mrs Gair of Liverpool - her 9th child,
y^e living one.

Saturday m.

Last night in came Caroline, but no news at Roxbury
in a few minutes enter Dick & they made an arrange-
ment to go to Mr. Bailey's to pass the day: you know.
I sent a petition to Elizabeth Ford. I have received it again
through the mail with a note appended in which Mr. T. tells me that

Ms. I is absent — what disposition the circular would
have and had she been in town he does not know
but thinks that the cause of Christ (quoted) would be
as much promoted by my withholding further communication
as by any other course I could possibly adopt — I is
mine respectfully, Enos Ford.

Dear Deborah, after Mr. Witticism's hat
remains for me? I arrived safely in town and here
with pen & ink and the knitting apparatus. I
forgot to get the needles at Shoeys and so
had to get them at Foster's and so they might
be right; but Maria picked them out. If the
yarn is 'nt the thing you may return it. M. g
it herself. She wishes to know where the patterns
for little Henry's socks are so she is obliged to take
measures immediately for his winter suits. Maria
is looking delicately but appears in good spirits
& much herself. Warren died here & seemed
very well. Looked very well & acted pretty
well but utterly refused to come out. I pressed
it, but he said he could not. He had his things
however all done up & waiting; even if he had
got so as to attend to his washing it is an im-
provement. The baby is lovely. She looks so funny
running. I want to write to Aunt Mary so have

not time to write more to you. I have been in
hurry ever since I have been here & am now.
Catherine appears pretty good natured. Caroline &
Wendell, started this morning at 9 & have not at
the present date & P. M. returned.

Log up my freemasons as I want to keep them. ^{Yrs truly A.W.}

Miss Debora Weston.

Weymouth.

N. E. Weston.

I send you Angelina's letter and want you to keep
it and either send it back or bring it yourself.
Give me your advice. I some think of accepting
the invitation, precisely as it is. The letter is certainly
a kind affectionate one. What shall I give her?
Can't you think of aught? I shall, I believe, go out
to see her the first of the week but I may write